

FIREMAN'S JOURNAL

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WHOLE NO. 162.

CHARLES M. CHASE, Proprietor.

OUR TASK—TO ENLIGHTEN.

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(From the New York Leader.)
THE SONG OF THE HURT.
BY LEMON PEEL.

With a poultice of bread on his eye,
With his cheek very swollen and red,
Poor Lemon Peel sits in his attic high,
With a horribly aching head.
Throb, throb, throb!
May the fellow that did it be cursed!
For he punched me without any cause,
And not heeding my cries of "enough!"
He gave me the weight of his two huge paws—
The black-headed red-shirted ruff!

'Twas on Thursday night last in the Park—
Such trouble is always my luck!
I was up for sport, bent on having a lark,
And attempt to pull on a truck.
Shout, yell, scream!
They did it as no others can,
Scream, yell, shout!
They seemed more like devil than man!

It ended of course in a fight,
The result was, I know, nothing new;
But it's kept me at home in a pitiful plight
With a broken head and a lumped up right,
And a nose of most beautiful blue.

A Cobra-Capello Serpent and a Squirrel.

During my residence in India, I was, upon one occasion, whilst sitting near my window—which was at the time wide open, to enable me the means of pursuing a work of some interest—much interrupted by the shrill intonation of a squirrel (gilharee) which had ascended a corinda tree, situated in the garden immediately opposite the house. The reiterated cries of the little creature were of such a querulous character, that I felt quite certain some fearful enemy was near, a fact which had operated as signally on the squirrel's feelings. In consequence of this, I handled my "Joe Manton," and proceeded at once into the garden, the little animal still continuing to solicit the attention of other classes of an inferior race, who might appear disposed to enter into one common cause, in expressing their fears or vindictiveness on the account of the unwelcome intruder. I cast my eye around me, with a view to detect, if possible, the presence of some bird of prey, but in this I was disappointed. Fancying that the fretfulness of my little companion might have proceeded from some other cause than fear, I returned in doors and recommenced reading. In less than ten minutes afterwards, however, the malle, garden, came running up to the verandah of the house, crying out "Burrah kash samp nudjeh hi, shah!" (There is a very deadly snake close at hand, sir.) Again taking up my gun, which was loaded with No. 4 shot, I proceeded with the servant into the garden, which I had just left, but in the interval, the serpent had changed its position. Nevertheless, the querulous notes of the squirrel were incessant, whilst my eye was directed to the limbs and branches of the tree, to detect the slightest motion that might manifest itself. Suddenly the man exclaimed, "Samp hi, shah!" (the snake is there) pointing to the object with his hand. I could not, however, distinguish the reptile, and fully believed the fellow, although he possessed the ocular keenness of an eagle, was for once mistaken. All at once I guessed its appearance. It lay extended at full length, perfectly motionless, on one of the straight boughs of the tree, not four feet from the presence of its alarmed intended victim—which would assuredly have fallen a victim to its scaly enemy, had not its mournful cries interpreted the extreme danger to which it was exposed. Levelling my gun, and aiming at the snake's head, I discharged a shower of shot at the unseeing naja, which fell beneath his frondose ambuscade. This repelling reptile measured six feet two inches in length, and was thick in proportion. My powder, on being made acquainted with the circumstances, avowed that he had missed, from time to time, a great number of young chickens from the "morgue konnah" (fowl house); this snake had along been the perpetrator of the larceny. The bite of the "cobras" will produce death to the palest and most stalwart man in less than half an hour. I may add here, that the spot I lived at was surrounded by a profusion of the naja pomica (strychnine tree), which is a favorite harbor for snakes, gophers, and other nocturnal reptiles. I, from this occasion, was determined to keep up an establishment of mongoose (snake weasels), which domesticated animals will keep the premises quite clear from the above obnoxious and truly dangerous nuisances.—London Review Correspondent.

In a Tight Place.

BY J. C. WHITE, JR.

Afar out toward the region of the setting sun, in a sequestered valley of the Rocky Mountains, are gathered a band of hunters—those men of fearless hearts and of iron mould. 'Tis a wild, romantic scene. With nothing around them but rocks and stars, with the light of their camp-fire streaming, with a lurid glare, upon their hard, bronzed features, they sat, cross-legged, and in Indian style, and each with a pipe in his mouth, eagerly listening to one of their number, who is engaged in reciting to them one of those wild stories of mountain life which all true mountain-men delight so much to hear. Soon a loud laugh resounds from the hills, and a movement among the band indicates that the narrator had finished his tale.

"By gar! that was some; weren't it? But it don't quite come up to a scrape I had once with one of the varmints."

The speaker was Jack Hamlin, a very broad-shouldered, well-knit person; in truth, an old backwoodsman.

"Don't beat your? Then your's must have been some, too," said another of the group, Bill Williams by name.

"Less have it anyhow, whether it beats hissen or not," chimed in a third. "Keep the ball a rollin'." This was Nat Walton.

"Wall," continued Jack Hamlin, "seem as how you want it, I will let you have it," and he took a long puff, and proceeded.

"Yer see 'twas down in Texas where the thing happened, in what we hunters used to call 'Wild Cat' county. Maybe you've heard tell on't?"

"P'raps none of us ain't been there, nor nothing," rejoined Nat Walton.

"Wall," continued Jack, "if you have, all right; if you hain't—wall—you'd orter go there, that's all. Less see, I'd got to 'Wild Cat' county. Well, as I was going to say, I'd just come there, with my wife and child, from Illinoi. I'd build me a cabin, and just began to think o' lookin' round to see what there might be in them parts. So one day I took my rifle—this same old long nine what I've got now—and set to on a little bit of an explorer's expedition. Now, see I to her, 'don't yer goin' to be frightened, for maybe I shan't get back in a week, and p'raps not in a month'; for yer see I didn't know what might turn up in my cruise.

"Wall, I started out. I mought agone a mile, and mought agone two, when I came to an old stub of a tree which looked like as ev some thunderbolt had lit on't. I tell you, in all my travels—and I've scared round considerable—I never seed sich another stump. 'Twas about thirty feet high, I reckon, tremendous big round. But that weren't nothing. 'W't puzzled me was, it was as smooth as glass on three sides, but the other was scratched, and cut, and torn, and ripped, amazin'. What's more, them that went clean to the top o' the stump. See I, I'll be blowed if I don't see where they go to. So, yer see, I set down my rifle and made ready to go up.

"Wall, I soon got up there, and ef you'll believe me, that ere stub was holler. 'Twon't do to give it up so, see I; I'll be dum-fizzled ef I don't see w'ats in that hole. P'raps, thinks I, that's where the thunder went to, and dang me ef I don't see what kind of a thing it is.

"I clim' up and got a straddle o' that stump; but I tell you I didn't set there long, for, I tell you w'at, 'twas so sharp it cut 'bout split me. I'd got so far, as want'n' goin' to back out, nor set straddle o' that stump long; so I jest fetched my other leg over into the hole, and began to kind o' let myself down, gently like. 'Thinks I, 'tain't very deep, anyhow, so I kept agoin', goin', till I hung at arms' length; but I didn't touch bottom. I began to feel kind o' skeery like, and began to draw myself up agin.

"But it was no easy matter. Howsomedever, I pulled and tugged, and had got enermost out, and was jest goin' to fetch my leg up, when the rotten old thing gave way, and I went down—down—the de'il knows where. I tried to stop myself, but 'twas no use, I was a goner.

"Wall, I kept agoin', 'pears to me, for ever so long, un' 'time-by I struck all in a heap. 'Jack Ham,' says I, 'what yer doin' down here?' 'It must be,' says he, 'yer drunk.'

"'Twas dark down there, yer'd better believe. Down where? Ay, that's where the rub; down where? But I didn't care where I was, provided I could get out. Jest as I was thinkin' how to do this, I felt sothin' kind o' queer bobbin' round my legs. I hadn't got up yet, but was setting there thinkin'. I reached out my hand to see what 'twas, when I tell you what, ef they didn't touch a hairy skinned animal.

"'Bears!' exclaimed his companions, all in one breath.

"I grasped my knife, and I tell you, I felt kind of queer all of a sudden. I waited with knife in hand, expectin' every minute to be made mincemeat of; but nothing troubled me, and I wasn't inclined to begin the attack. I heard no noise except an occasional grunt like. Yer see, by this time I'd got used to the place, and could see tolerably well. I soon see that I'd got into a nest of the varmints, and that there were three of them. They were a sniffing and a smelling of me, and that's what I felt, yer see. I suppose they took me for their mother, and I did point putty near mothering them to their hearts' content. Now, I have eat considerable bears' meat in my day, and had then; but not quite enough, I reckoned, to make me smell of it. Yet such seemed to be the case, for them there young varmints didn't seem to know the difference between me and their mother.

"Wall, them bars smelt, and smelt, and smelt, and hime-by they went off with a grunt, and laid down. Thinks I, ef there's young varmints, there must be ole ones round somewhere, and so I reckoned I better be off afore they come.—But this warn't so easy a matter, I tell you.—The inside of that 'ere stump was as smooth as ice; and every time I'd try to get up I'd slip down agin. I tried and tried, but 'twan't no use. I might as well have tried to shin a greasy pole. Thinks I, this is a putty fix; and ef I ain't made out of this, I shall starve to death. I tell you what, I was mad—raving. I cursed the day when I seed that stump and them scratches. I cursed the whole family of bars, and myself in particular. See I, Jack Hamlin, what in thunder did you get into such a scrape for? See he, 'Ef I ain't mistaken, you'll get scrapes before yer get out of here.' I began to think so.

"Wall, seeing as how I couldn't get out, I concluded to stay in. Thinks I, ef I had my rifle, I'd manage better; but I knew I couldn't get it, so I kept still. Wall, I set down, and began to think agin. I seed them young bars, and thinks I, they must be got rid of. But I thought it would be mean to kill them so—yer see, I like to give everything a chance. Yer see, I kept up a dreadful thinking all the time. See I, if this here old stump is rotten up top, mought it not be at the bottom. I thought so, anyhow; so I give a tremendous kick, but the old thing wouldn't yield a mite. See I, I can't do it one way, I can another. So I just draws my knife, and goes at it nip and tug. I worked like fury, for I idea of fighting a bar in such close quarters. I tell you, ef the chips didn't fly, and pretty soon my knife went clean through, and a little strak of daylight run in. Thinks I, I'll be in a minute; so I took a short rest, and then went at it agin. The chips had jest began to fly agin, when I heard a thundering racket outside, and then the hole up top was darkened. 'Twas the old bar, I knew. I stopped my operations quicker, and jumped up. Pretty soon she began to come down, and I clung to my knife, and stood ready for her.—See I, I'm a goner, sure; for the varmint was coming down about as fast as I did. Jest then I thought about I mought get out, ef I kept cool.

"Wall, I waited till she was almost within reach of me, and then I made a jump, and caught her by the long hair of her tail. You know that's the way they work it—coming down tail first. Jest then I gave a mighty yell; jeh-u-yer ought to have heard it. Maybe the bar warn't frightened nor nothing, and the way she went up that stump was a caution to sinners. I found myself gitting along bravely.

"She mought have got half way up, when she stopped. Thinks I, this 'ere won't do; so I give another yell, and holler and shouted till I thought the old stump would crack with the noise. She started up agin pretty quick, but I thought she was rather slow, and so I struck my knife into her halve. She couldn't stand that, I tell ye; but started up agin. Yer see, I wasn't very light weight, so she had to tug considerable; but she went up like a streak of lightning.

"Wall, we got up—me and the bar. Jest here I give her another piece of cold steel, and she kept on, while I let go my hold and again straddled the old stump. The varmint didn't even stop to let me thank her; but kept on down the tree and into the wood.

"I was out, and that was enough. I set on the top of the stump till I got rested, for I was tired, I tell ye; and then I went down. I found my rifle where I put it, against the tree, and then I started for home. I thought as though I had explored about enough in that direction; and I tell you what, boys, I never since stuck these here pegs into any hole where I couldn't see my way out, or touch bottom."

"Wall, that was some, I s'wore!" exclaimed Bill Williams, when he had finished. "That beats my time all holler."

"That's so," chimed in Nat Walton; "and now let's turn in. I couldn't sleep very well with another sich a story."

AN ART.—It is a fact perhaps not generally known, that the art of "dressing a window" is quite a specialty with good clerks, and that those who are highly gifted in this respect command large salaries; in fact, that while literary talent may drudge day after day and night after night for a paltry pension of ten or fifteen dollars a week, a "very nice young man" with an abundance of small talk, and capable of dressing a window, will receive from \$1500 to \$2000. As a case in point, says the New York correspondent of the Boston Gazette, says that some years since Stewart, of "marble palace" celebrity, was so desirous of securing the services of a particular person, that he offered him a salary of \$25,000 per annum, which was actually refused, and a certain share of the profits given as an inducement, which he graciously accepted! His share last year amounted to between \$40,000 and \$50,000! This seems a goodly sum, but it is strictly true. There are more things in this world than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

A beautiful inscription, it is said may be found in an Italian grave yard: "Here lies Estella who transported a large fortune to heaven, in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

An Incident in Dave's Boarding House.

At the boarding house where Dave and his friends put up, are a number of servant girls, and it is the idiosyncrasy of servant girls to take their share of toilet articles, such as hair oil and perfume, while they are rejuvenating the apartments of the boarders. Dave and his friend Robert were very careful of their respective toilets, and being in a courting way had been paying extra attention to personal adornment.

They were in the habit of getting a pint of hair oil made up by the druggist at one time; and finally they were in the habit of finding that a pint of this costly oil wouldn't last a week, and that all the servant girls in the house emitted the same perfume they did.

It was not long before they came to a conclusion in the matter. So one evening, when the hair oil cruise was empty, they took the bottle which contained it, and straight they went to the drug store. There was a whispered conversation with a laughing clerk, and mixing various articles in a pint bottle, and the following was marked on the prescription book as being the contents:

Of Lac Asafetida, which, for the information of our readers we will state, is a very highly concentrated extract of that delicious drug—of this 1 oz.

Of Liquor Potasse, (a fluid celebrated for its corrosive power, having the power of taking the hair off a dog in ten seconds), 1-2 oz.

Of Balsam of Fir, (the stickiest and gummiest article known) 1 oz.

Of Honey, 1 oz.

Of Alcohol, to make the ingredients fluid, 1-2 pint.

This was well "shuk" and deposited in the usual place occupied by the hair oil. The next day (Sunday) Bob and Dave dressed themselves for church, and after finishing traveled down stairs. But they came up another way in a few minutes and secreted themselves in a room adjoining theirs, where, from a couple of panes of glass over the door they could see everything that went on. After the people of the house had gone, two or three servant girls came into Dave's room.

"Whist, Molly," said a large, red-haired one—"Misthur Dave has some more of the ole, and my hair's as dry as powder; let's have a regular fix up wid the folks all away." This was acceded to, and they all went oiling their locks, being very lavish with the fluid, which was quite thin in consequence of the alcohol. In a few minutes red-head says:

"Whirra, what smells so?" with her nose turned skyward.

"Sure it's the perfume," interrupted a short and dumpy specimen, with her hair down her back.

"Parfume, indade," says the red-head—"that's not parfume—it's the rale bad smell."

"Mebby," said the dumpy, "it's the Patch-Chewley. I've heard folks say that Patch-Chewley smells threafud at fast; a person must get used to the smell before they like it. Sure, it's a parfume used by the quality."

This satisfied red-head, and after a thorough "dilig," they left the room. In about two hours the boarders came home from church.

"Good gracious, what is it? Bless my soul, Mr. G, I shall faint! Oh! my dear, there must be an unclean animal in the room!" and a thousand other expressions were heard, as the boarders got a sniff of the Patch-Chewley, when they entered the house. The master and mistress of the house were puzzled, confounded, indignant, and in vain endeavored to discover the locality of the smell. At dinner time, there were not half a dozen boarders at the table, and those that were there were rapidly thinking of backing out, as the three girls that were "iled" were waiting on them.

Finally dinner was given up, and with doors and windows opened, the inmates alternately froze and suffocated. The day was a dire one to them but it soon wore away.

At night the three girls attempted to comb their hair. The alcohol had evaporated, leaving the balsam of honey and fir, and they might as well have attempted to comb a bunch of shingles. At the first dash the red-head made, her comb caught, and through the influence of the potasse at the roots, the whole mass of the front hair came off the side of red-head's cranium, which she discovered with a yell that would have made a cannibal envious. The same result attended the rest of the hair, with the exception of enough to do up as a lock to ornament with feathers in Indian style. The other two girls met the same fate, and about 10 o'clock that night, they might have been seen wrapping up their lost Patch-Chewley locks in pieces of paper. The next morning they were informed by the mistress that she did not desire to employ bald-headed servant girls, and with their "chists" they departed in almost a scalped condition.

The discovery of Dave and Bob's connection with the transaction was not known till lately, but their toilet articles since then have been sacred from touch as the tombs of Palestine.

A VALUABLE HORSE WHIP.—Among the presents made to the Princess Royal of England, on her wedding day, was a riding-whip, the butt of which was formed of a piece of the hoof of a favorite horse of the monarch. It is said the shoe of this golden hoof is formed of diamonds, the nails being represented by fourteen beautiful rubies; the whole of the bottom of the foot is a mass of small diamonds; the handle of the whip is formed from one of the horse's bones, most highly polished, around which is twisted a serpent in brilliant.

A Thrilling Incident in the Life of an Inventor.

A correspondent in the *National Intelligencer* notices the efforts that were made some years ago by O. M. Coleman, the inventor of the Aeolian Attachment, to direct attention to it among the musical circles of London, and concludes with the following anecdote:

"But to bring my letter to a close. After Coleman had obtained his European patents, and the invention had obtained the very highest point in the estimation of the public, he still found a 'lion in the way.' The celebrated Thalberg, then and yet justly regarded as the first pianist in the world, who was then on the continent, had not seen or heard the instrument. Many eminent musicians, and especially the first piano manufacturers, stood aloof until Thalberg should give his opinion.

Coleman felt that the fate of his invention hung upon the fiat of the dread Thalberg. It was—

"Wait till Thalberg comes," and if Thalberg says so, so, then, 'ere, until the very name of Thalberg became hateful.

The great master arrived in London at last, and a day was appointed for his examination of the instrument. A large room was selected, into which were admitted a number of the first musical artists.

Benedict sat down and played in his best style. Thalberg stood at a distance, with his arms folded and back turned. He listened for a time in that position, and then turned his face toward the instrument. He moved slowly across the floor until he stood by the side of Benedict, where he again stopped and listened. An occasional nod of the head was all the emotion he betrayed. Suddenly, while Benedict was in the very midst of a splendid sonata, he laid his hand upon his arm, and not with a very gentle push said:

"Get off that stool!" Seating himself, he dashed out in his inimitable style, and continued to play for some time without interruption, electrifying Coleman and the other auditors by an entirely new application of the invention. Suddenly he stopped, and turning to Benedict, requested him to get a certain piece of Beethoven's from the library.—This was done, and Thalberg played it through. Then, striking his instrument with his hand and pointing to the music he said:

"This is the instrument Beethoven had in his mind when he wrote that piece. It has never been played before!"

The next day Coleman sold his patent right for a sum that enabled him to take his place among millionaires.

A RUSSIAN BABY.—In the life of a Russian peasant, there is a period anterior to all tunics, mantles, and even sheepskins, during which they live a kind of mummy life, only, unlike the Egyptian, it is the first, instead of the last, stage of their existence; for the youngest children are always swaddled and rolled up tight in bandages, so that they may be conveniently put away without risk of getting themselves into mischief or danger. On entering one of their houses, an enthusiastic traveler thinks he has come upon some pagan tribe, having their idols and penates, with the heads well carved out, and the rest of the body left in block. He looks curiously at one laid up on a shelf, another hung to the wall on a peg, a third slung over one of the main beams of the roof, and rocked by the mother, who has the cord looped over her foot.

"Why, that is a child!" cries the traveler, with a feeling similar to that experienced on treading upon a toad which was supposed to be a stone. "Why, what else should it be?" answers the mother. Having learned so much in so short a time, the inquisitive traveler wishes to inform himself about the habits of the creature; but his curiosity being somewhat dampened by the extreme dirt of the little figure, he inquires of the parent when it is washed. "Washed!" shrieks the horrified mother; "washed! what, wash a child! You would kill it!" Discouraged alike from personal investigation of the subject and from inquiry, he turns to the elder children. When freed from its bandages, the child's education begins at once, and is wholly of a practical character. He—or she, for it is the same with both sexes—makes his first struggles in life by floundering in the sand or mud in front of the house, clad in a coarse, ragged shirt, and nothing else. Being taught, by stern experience, to shun, if possible, the Charybdis of mud, he falls upon Scylla, in the shape of a lean, long-legged pig, which is always pouring out on the chance of something to eat. Looking upon an occasional tumble as one of the natural evils of life, and therefore bearing no malice against his heavy and somewhat inconvenient companion, he begins to imitate the perambulatory diligence with which that animal takes everything into its mouth, rejecting only what is absolutely impossible. Having so finished his education as to distinguish between the evil and the good, in matters of the palate, at least, he is promoted to the privilege of the family meals of black bread and "stchi," or cabbage soup, and to the dignity of an old sheepskin.

One of the most effective pieces of acting of which there is any record is that of a Spanish actor, who threw down a representative of the French monarch, and put his foot upon his neck so naturally, that the French ambassador, who was present jumped upon the stage and paid him the tribute of admiration by running him through.

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The Carson Testimonial.

Below will find the letter of Stephen H. Branch relative to the Carson Testimonial. Some time since, Branch published a communication in which he stated (on the authority of Carson, as a default, to this Carson replies, branding the statement as false, and denying that he ever authorized its publication. To this Branch now rejoins: the letter is decidedly rich, and will prove interesting to those acquainted with the politics of the New York Fire Department. The communication is addressed to the editor of the New York Leader.

"Alfred Carson, late Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, in your journal of Saturday last, conspires me for exposing the defalcation of the Treasurer of the Carson Testimonial Committee. Mr. Carson, in my presence, has branded the Treasurer as an incorporeal villain, during the past five months, for stealing the hallowed donation of the firemen. Mr. Carson said that his landlord threatened to sue him for \$300; that a man failed, who owed him \$400; that he had met with similar reverses and the commercial shadows and specters of the past winter and autumn; that he had no patronage in his profession of grate and fire-manufacturer; that himself and his eldest son had alternately worn the same winter garment; that none of his children had seasonable apparel; that his third son got an almost fatal cold in the absence of good shoes; and that he did not know where to get bread for his family. I have witnessed these evidences of destitution in my frequent visits to his abode. From motives of compassion, I recently appealed to ex-Alderman Thomas Christy to purchase twenty-four grates of Mr. Carson, (for three new houses in Twenty-third street,) at \$17 each amounting to \$408, and Mr. Christy instantly responded to my appeal in behalf of charity. Mr. Carson immediately made eight grates, for which Mr. Christy paid him \$136. In the very jaws of these truths, Mr. Carson insinuates that I have misrepresented his adverse circumstances, and strives to blight my integrity for truthfulness, and stain my generous emotion—which all know are the bane of my existence, and the source of all calamities. But his arrows fall harmless at my feet, and as 'self preservation is the first law of nature,' and to irresistibly fortify my ramparts, repel his unmanly insinuations, I now most solemnly declare that his noble wife recently assured me such was the destination of the family, she had sought sewing and shoemaking without success; that she owed her Irish servant three months' wages, which Carson could not pay; that her own apparel was extremely limited, and that she could not much longer endure the nakedness of her children, and the scantiness of their daily food; and that if Mr. Carson did not soon expose or force the recalcitrant Treasurer of the Testimonial Committee to surrender the sacred gift of the firemen, so that her husband could make comfortable provision for his family, she should take her two youngest children and leave him forever, and rely on her own energies and the protection of God for subsistence. When she uttered these touching words, her inflamed eyes and pallid cheeks were deluged with the harrowing emblems of anguish, and I wept in suppressed silence in my melancholy presence, and resolved to expose the inhuman Treasurer who had inflicted such misery upon Carson's family, through his most incredible defalcation. And yet I forbore. But when Carson subsequently told me that the Treasurer was moving from Ann to Fulton street, to several commodious warehouses, and contemplated the expansion of his business, I silently affirmed that I would expose the Treasurer's villainy, if I died in the attempt, and I did so; I do not regret it. I should be extremely hard that, for my humanity, I should receive a stab from Carson, which closely resembles the thrust of Brutus at Cesar, although I think I shall survive the bloodless incision. Mr. Carson asserts that I have not paid him the money I borrowed to conduct the Matzell investigation. What will the firemen say when I inform them that I received only thirty dollars from Carson, from the commencement of the Matzell enquiry, in the spring of 1855, to the present hour, although I wrote most of his public documents during that period including his card to the firemen on the eve of his memorable defeat by Howard. It is painful to exhume these rusty fossils, but he cast the first shaft and I must hurl it even if it penetrate the core of his heart. Although I did not get my remuneration for Corporation services from the Chamberlain until the 16th of March, 1858, yet Mr. Carson publishes a note on the 18th of March, 1858, (just two days afterwards,) insinuating my desire to defraud him of the prodigious sum of \$300, or (to use his own language) 'a portion of it.' This is also a superficial wound that I hope to heal without amputation. Mr. Carson's leading motive for his vindictive card was to punish me for declaring that I wrote his Annual and Special Reports from 1850 to 1857. I might have also said that I got all his documents gratuitously published in the leading public journals, through my personal influence with the editors whom I never deceived in my intimate relations with them for the last twenty years. Carson was a poor boy, and had limited mental cultivation, and even Washington could only read and write and survey the wilderness. Jackson's intellectual culture barely surpassed that of Washington. Washington and Jackson and other illustrious soldiers and statesmen only furnished the statistics of public documents, as Carson did to me for which I gave him credit in my recent philippic against Mayor Tiemann. Jefferson, Madison, and Hamilton furnished and polished Washington's official papers, as Ames Kendall and Edward Livingston did Jackson's, and as I did Carson's. But Washington, Jackson and Carson are on the eternal archives, while those who so gracefully moulded their rough thoughts have no envious page in history for immortalizing their intellectual interiors. In view of these truths, Carson should not have stabbed his benefactor, who toiled in penury for seven years to shield him from his deadly foes. Mr. Carson's friends and adversaries have often told me

that he was unpopular in 1850, and would soon have been succeeded, if I had not created a reaction through the inflammatory documents that bore his official signature.

It was with profound sorrow that I recently stated I wrote his Reports, but I was struggling with abject penury, and was so depressed that I even contemplated suicide, and I had to divulge the author of his Reports, to show the motives of Mayor Tiemann in withholding his signature from my claim, which were because I had denounced him in the Carson Reports, while he was a member of the corrupt Common Council of 1851, '52, and '53, which Carson's Reports most terribly anathematized.

And yet I did not do Carson injustice in promulgating myself as the author of his Reports, as Alderman Tiemann, and all his official associates, and the editors and leading politicians knew that I was the author, and have been proclaimed as such by the public journals from 1850 to the present time. Another motive of Carson for denouncing me in his recent card, was to conciliate the Treasurer of the Testimonial Committee, who doubtless assured Carson that if he would denounce me, (and exonerate the treasurer as far as possible from public odium,) that he would pay him soon. With the latter motive and selfish compromise, (although they strive to immolate me,) I am immeasurably pleased, as my only motive in exposing the treasurer was to enable Carson to immediately obtain his just dues, and to relieve his family from utter destitution chiefly caused by the treasurer. Through a friend, I paid Carson \$300 on Wednesday last, as the following will show:

"New York, March 24th, 1858. Received from Stephen H. Branch, thirty dollars in full for money borrowed during the Matzell investigation."

ALFRED CARSON.

I borrowed \$750 from ex-Alderman Thomas Christy to conduct the Matzell investigation, all of which he gave me. My other public creditors have been equally generous and magnanimous, whose names I shall soon send to the Common Council in my official exhibit to that body. I have recorded painful truths in this communication, but I was spurred to do so although I may have erred in divulging myself as the author of Carson's Reports, even to expose the untruthful motives of Mayor Tiemann, and to rescue myself and some of my creditors from the acutest penury. My pen never inscribed words so harrowing as these, and I even now declare before God and the civilized world that I will divide my last crust with Alfred Carson, and cherish himself and family beyond all other beings, until my wearied and wasted form is borne to the pale realms of the dead.

STEPHEN H. BRANCH.

A TIGHT FIT.—We saw an unfortunate the other day fall down in a drunken fit, Tuesday, and thought it was a remarkably tight fit, notwithstanding it was brought about by loose habits—and the 'habits' he wore were very loose and bad, indeed. His breeches had sustained breaches in every part, and he stood in need of a new pair, though he had knod holes through the knees of the old ones before he fell into the fit and the street. The vest in which he had a vested right of property, would have been a very poor investment for two cents—in fact no man would be so senseless who offered two cents less than that amount for it, for it wasn't worth a 'darn' though many had evidently been expended upon it. His coat was collared and dirty, and therefore in a state of disrepair as well as discolored on a coat of many colors but n'er a collar, and though far from whole had many a hole. There was but left on its front a single button, but on its back the two still remained which should belong to a coat, and they certainly had been long to that coat. His shirt—but we can tell no tale of a tail-less shirt. It's a 'material impossibility.' His stockings were small and worthless—worth less than his boots, which were heelless, and being badly rented were anxious for a re-lace from service; they were evidently on their last legs—their wearers; but what boots to it to speak more of them or of the man's attire?—Though we pun on it by wholesale, we are not able to retail even his shirt.

MANUFACTURE OF PERFUMES.—The most notable and remarkable feature of the present manufacture of perfumes is the establishment of flower farms. Some of the fairest spots of Europe and Asia are devoted to the cultivation of flowers, of which the fragrance is no longer wasted on the desert air, but preserved for the enjoyment of all who choose to purchase it. Flowers have taken the place of anubergis, musk, civet, and odoriferous gums, which are only used to give stability to the more evanescent scents. There are flower farms in Europe and Asia; and another is likely to be created in Australia for the cultivation of the wattle, a plant of the acacia genus, and resembling in odor very powerful violets. England has her flower farms at Mitcham, in Surrey, where lavender and peppermint flourish unrivalled. Roses are cultivated there, but only for the purpose of making rose water.

MARCUS D. BORTUCK, Esq.—We have had the pleasure of a call from this gentleman, who, as many of our readers are aware, is the accomplished editor of the FIREMAN'S JOURNAL. He is now in this quarter of the State for the purpose of canvassing for his paper. He departs for Weaverly to-day, after which he will return to this place and then visit Treka and Jacksonville, Portland, and other Oregon towns. We take pleasure in introducing him to our readers. He is doubtless already known to many of them as "Mark," he having for several years wrote over that subterfuge as the San Francisco correspondent of the *Evening Star*. He is supposed to occupy the same position among the firemen of California that "The King of the Cannibal Islands" does among

The Fireman's Journal

AND MILITARY GAZETTE.

MARSHALL B. BURCK, Editor

SAN FRANCISCO
SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1888.

SACRAMENTO AGENCY.
W. WALLACE, at the office of the "Alt Express Company," on Second street, between J and K streets, is the duly authorized agent of the FIREMAN'S JOURNAL, in Sacramento. All orders for the paper left at the above place, only, will be attended to promptly; and all irregularity in regard to the delivery of the paper we wish to be informed of immediately.

Official.

MARYSVILLE, March 31st, 1888.
M. D. Burck, Esq., Editor Fireman's Journal:
Will you please announce to the firemen throughout the State, that the Board of Directors of the State Fair, to be held in this city in August next have determined to award the following prizes to the best playing engines of the 1st, 2d and 3d class. Apparatus not to be used by regularly organized fire companies will not be allowed to compete for the prizes.

To the winner of the first prize, four hundred dollars.
To the winner of the second prize, two hundred dollars.
To the winner of the third prize, one hundred dollars.

Classification of the engines and all matters pertaining to the playing of the different matches to be arranged by the Judges of the same, on the day before the contest shall take place.

The following named gentlemen have been selected as Judges.

Franklin E. R. Whitner, Chief Engineer of the San Francisco Fire Department.

J. A. Remondet, Chief Engineer of the Stockton Fire Department.

Joseph S. Friend, Chief Engineer of the Sacramento Fire Department.

William Jones, Chief Engineer of the Placerville Fire Department.

John S. Gwage, Chief Engineer of the Sonoma Fire Department.

Thos. D. Wells, Chief Engineer of the Jackson Fire Department.

P. J. Welsh, Chief Engineer of the Marysville Fire Department.

Frederick D. Kohler, Ex. Chief Engineer San Francisco Fire Department.

A. W. Nightingale, Ex. Chief Engineer Marysville Fire Department.

John M. Haskell, of the Columbia Fire Department.

S. P. Fair, Chief Engineer of the Yreka Fire Department.

John B. Hewson, of the San Jose Fire Department.

JOHN C. FALL,
President State Agricultural Society,
JOHN A. PAXTON,
Treasurer State Agricultural Society,
G. N. SWEET,
1st Vice President State Agt. Socy.

Firemen Attention!

A SPECIAL ELECTION for the unexpired term of Second Assistant Engineer of the Sacramento Fire Department, will be held at the house of Eureka Engine Company No. 4, on Fifth street, on SATURDAY the 10th inst., from 12 o'clock M. to 6 P. M.

N. B.—None are allowed to vote unless they have been Certificate Members ninety days previous to the election.

By order,
C. D. HOSACK, Secy.

New Fire Department Laws.

AN ACT to amend an Act entitled "An Act to regulate the Fire Department of the City and County of San Francisco," passed March twenty-first, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven.

The People of the State of California, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. Section third of an Act entitled "An Act to regulate the Fire Department of the City and County of San Francisco," passed March twenty-first, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, is hereby amended, so as to read as follows, Section third.

The persons elected to succeed the said Chief and Assistant Engineers shall hold office for the term of three years, or until their successors are elected and qualified; provided, that when a vacancy occurs in the office of Chief Engineer, the President of the Department shall order an election to fill such vacancy for the unexpired term of said office.

All succeeding elections for Chief and Assistant Engineers shall be conducted as heretofore provided.

Approved April 21st, 1888.

AN ACT to repeal an Act entitled "An Act to regulate the Fire Department of the City and County of San Francisco," approved April 8th, A. D. 1865, and to fix the salaries of certain officers of the Fire Department of the City and County of San Francisco.

Section 1. An Act entitled "An Act to regulate the Fire Department of the City and County of San Francisco," approved April 8th, A. D. 1865, is hereby repealed.

Section 2. The present Assistant Engineers of the Fire Department of the City and County of San Francisco shall receive, annually, a salary of twelve hundred dollars; provided, that when a vacancy occurs in the office of Chief Engineer, the President of the Department shall order an election to fill such vacancy for the unexpired term of said office.

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Board of Delegates.

An adjourned meeting of the Board of Delegates was held at their chambers, City Hall, on Wednesday evening, May 8th, 1888.
President F. Mahony in the chair.

The roll being called, the following members answered to their names:

Messrs. Castro, T. J. Smith, Harsbach, Rand, Crane, Loe, Hayes, Cutter, Powell, Hossack, Chase, Fletcher, Lane, Wilson, Kohlman, Gough, Bovee, Biden, Mount, Toomey, Devore, Robbins, Jones, Whalen, Lynch, Plum, Gordon, Buckley, Mitchell, Cobb, and President Mahony.

Absent—Messrs. Ryckman, and Parker.

The President requested the Secretary to read the resolution calling this meeting.

After the reading of same,

Mr. Castree moved, to proceed to the election for Secretary and Treasurer; upon which the ayes and nays were called. Ayes, 18—Nays, 14. The motion was adopted.

The Board then proceeded to the election of Secretary.

First Ballot.—Shepard, 13; Ezekiel, 16; Thompson, 2; Whalen, 1. No election.

The name of Mr. Hossack being called on this ballot, he rose for information; whether a resolution was not on record in regard to certain charges against the present Secretary, and if those charges should not be tried, before an election for that office, and that the resolution was to postpone the election of Secretary until he was tried.

Mr. Jones stated the charges were in the protest of Mr. Nottman, which had been tried; and at a previous meeting he stated that he intended to bring charges against the Secretary, but would not now.

Ballot.—Shepard, 11; Thompson, 4; Whalen, 1; Ezekiel, 16. No election.

Third Ballot.—Thompson, 8; Shepard, 8; Ezekiel, 15; Whalen, 1. No election.

Fourth Ballot.—Thompson, 16; Ezekiel, 15; Whalen, 1. No election.

Mr. Chase moved, to postpone the election of Secretary, and proceed to election of Treasurer.

Lost, Ayes, 14—Nays, 18.

Fifth Ballot.—Thompson, 15; Ezekiel, 12; Burck, 2; Middlemiss, 2; Chase, 1. No election.

Mr. Hossack moved, that the Board proceed to elect a Secretary for the unexpired term.

Mr. Jones said the motion was out of order, as the Board could only elect for the unexpired term.

Mr. Toomey moved to lay it on the table.

Mr. Lees moved to adjourn. Lost on a division vote, Ayes, 13—Nays, 15.

The question being taken on the motion of Mr. Toomey, on a call for the ayes and nays, resulted Ayes, 19—Nays, 13.

Mr. Powell then withdrew the name of Mr. Shepard, as a candidate for Secretary.

Sixth Ballot.—Thompson, 16; Burck, 5; Ezekiel, 10; Middlemiss, 1. No election.

Mr. Gough moved to postpone the election of Secretary, and proceed to regular business. Lost.

Seventh Ballot.—Thompson, 13; Ezekiel, 12; Burck, 2; Middlemiss, 2; Whalen, 1. No election.

Mr. Bovee moved to adjourn. Lost on a division vote, Ayes, 12—Nays, 17.

Mr. Plum nominated Mr. Farnsworth, of Volunteer Engine Co. No. 7, for Secretary.

Eighth Ballot.—Thompson, 7; Farnsworth, 9; Ezekiel, 6; Whalen, 2; Kent, 2; Biden, 1; Clapp, 1; Toomey, 1. No election.

Mr. Rand moved, that the Board adjourn. Lost.

Mr. Chase moved to postpone the election of Secretary, and go into an election for Treasurer.

Mr. Powell then stated that he had received from the Secretary of State, certified copies of the amended laws regulating the Fire Department, and claimed that those laws created a vacancy in the office of Chief Engineer and Secretary of the Fire Department, and would submit the same to the President for his decision; and also stated he had been at an expense of twelve dollars to procure the same.

Mr. Gough moved to take a recess for fifteen minutes. Lost.

A protracted discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Powell, Hossack, Cobb, and Lees participated, when

Mr. Rand moved, that the documents be received by the Board, and Mr. Powell be refunded the amount paid by him for same.

After some debate,

The question was taken on the motion of Mr. Rand, and adopted.

When Mr. Bovee moved, that the documents be published.

The question on Mr. Plum's motion was then taken, and before the decision was announced, Mr. Plum withdrew his motion.

The President stated that he could not withdraw the same, as it had become the property of the Board.

Mr. Smith moved, that he have leave to withdraw the same.

After some debate, the motion was withdrawn.

Mr. Bovee moved, that the documents be published in the FIREMAN'S JOURNAL, Spirit of the Times, and other papers.

After some debate, the motion was adopted.

Mr. Cobb moved, that Board adjourn.

Mr. Jones moved, that the Judiciary Committee be instructed to have the laws of the Fire Department, the State Laws, and the Charitable Fund Laws printed.

Mr. Lees moved an amendment, that the Committee be instructed to advertise for sealed proposals for printing, to be handed to the Judiciary Committee, and give the contract to the lowest responsible bidder.

Mr. Hossack moved, that each member of the Board call on a printer, and get an estimate for printing.

The question being taken on the amendment of Mr. Lees, it was, on a division vote adopted, Ayes, 17—Nays, 1.

The question being taken on the resolution of Mr. Jones, it was adopted.

Mr. Cobb moved to adjourn.

Mr. Bovee moved, that the Secretary be instructed to purchase a bucket, pitcher, stationery, etc., for the use of the Board.

Mr. Jones moved, that the bucket be tin.

Mr. Devore moved, that it be an earthen jar. A debate ensued.

When Mr. Cobb insisted on his motion to adjourn. Adopted on a division vote, Ayes, 17—Nays, 16.

THANKS.—We are under obligations to Messrs. J. H. Still & Co., for the following newspapers and periodicals: Porter's Spirit of the Times, Boston Transcript, Life Illustrated, Forney's Press, and Graham's Magazine. Their establishment is at the corner of Washington and Sansome streets, where any quantity of reading matter can always be found.

A VISITOR.—MARCUS D. BURCK, of the San Francisco FIREMAN'S JOURNAL, has been in town several days. Mr. B. is a favorite throughout the State, and is devoted to the interests of firemen. He is intended going North, and will visit the larger towns and cities of Oregon before he returns home.

—SHASTA REPUBLICAN, May 1st.

Mr. Frank Reynolds, the gentlemanly messenger of the Alta Express, has kindly furnished us with interior papers. We are also indebted to him for many other favors of a like character.

Editorial Correspondence.

WEATVILLE, May 11th, 1888.

I reached this place on Saturday afternoon last, after one of the most exciting, picturesque, and romantic rides I have experienced, and of which I will speak more before closing this letter.

I left Marysville for Shasta on Monday morning, April 26, having been kindly provided with an outside seat on the coach by Judge C. B. Fowler, of the stage company, Dan Robbins driving.

I will here remark, en passant, that Dan is such a counterpart of his brother Jerry (a la Gough) that it is utterly impossible for the uninitiated to tell them apart; and as Jerry has lately been getting married, the difficulty of recognition has further increased. For the first twenty-eight miles of the road towards Shasta, there is no feature worthy of note. Until within a few days, the travel as far as Oroville has been along the Feather River; but on account of the sandy nature of the soil, the road has become level, and the drivers take that across the prairie, rendering the ride anything but agreeable. Arriving at Oroville at 10 1/2 A. M., a change of coaches, horses, and last, though not least, a change of drivers take place. Mr. Comstock filling the place so well occupied by Dan. Leaving Oroville, crossing the Feather river on a ferry boat, and ascending somewhat of a steep hill, the road runs along an almost level plain, with just sufficient rise and fall to give impetus to the coach, which, by the way, is driven along with tact and skill by Jim Comstock, who, unlike many other drivers, finds it convenient while attending to his business to give all information desired. From this side of the Feather river, until within a short distance of Forkner's ranch, where passengers stop to dine, the whole country in view is a barren waste, and does not appear to be the subject of the slightest cultivation.

At Forkner's ranch, however, the agricultural advantages of the Sacramento Valley become apparent, as the fields of wheat, barley, hay, and corn give proof. At Forkner's ranch, our old friend, John A. Hunter, of Empire Engine Co. No. 1, is located. I did not see him, as Jack has abandoned city life, and joined the only noblemen of our land, the tillers of the soil. He was busily engaged in attending to some farming duties at a mile distant from the ranch. Success to you, John, for notwithstanding your little eccentricities, few have better qualities of head and heart than yourself.

From Forkner's ranch, the ride is through a most splendid country, which continues until within five miles of Shasta. The next property that is of Forkner's is Neal's ranch, which comprises as much land as the eye can take in at a glance. But a small portion of it is under cultivation. Thousands of horses and mules were browsing on the plains, and horses and mules running uncontrolled, and droves of sheep, true to their timid nature, were quietly grazing in the fields in companies together. It is said that Neal does not know his own wealth. His stock multiplies so rapidly that it is rather a difficult matter to compute it. Poor Neal! What surprises me, is the indifferent manner in which these wealthy men live. It does seem to me that comfort could be obtained, even though in a forest.

From Neal's ranch, the road passes through the lands of Mr. Hendley. A number of settlers appear to be located on this ranch, and I passed a number of peach orchards finely advanced. I believe that a Mr. Watson has control of this property now. He has a fine house and outbuildings erected near the road.

From Mr. Hendley's ranch, we strike the splendid property of Major John Bidwell, at Chico, where quite a settlement is springing up. I had the good fortune to meet the Major, with whom I have been acquainted since 1850, and during the process of changing horses, had quite a pleasant chat with him. I was glad to find he had entirely recovered from the injuries received at the time of the explosion of the Belle, although they are apparent in a deep scar on his forehead. The ranch of Major B. is doubtless the richest in the Valley, and he displays great energy in improving it, and adding to its already great value. There is a fine store erected, filled with a variety of goods, post office, hotel, blacksmith shop, mill, stables, and in fact everything necessary for a well settled community. The Major is now having a splendid hotel built of brick. It is to be two stories in height, one hundred and eight feet in width, and one hundred feet in depth. A large portion of it is already constructed, and it will be entirely completed before the summer season closes. I regretted my business did not permit me to accept the Major's invitation to remain a few days, but as it is to hold good, I shall at some future time avail myself of the Major's kindness, and shall not come alone.

From Bidwell's, the road lies through a beautiful country. A number of ranches are located at different points, and in my humble judgment, few new comers to this State, men of small means, would purchase land in the valley of which I speak, as can be purchased at a rate and on terms commensurate with the position and means of all who wish to buy, they would find it greatly to their advantage. The country is healthy, lies within a very short distance of the Sacramento river, and is of the richest character. The volunteer corps of barley in this valley were really splendid, and far ahead of that sown and nurtured in the usual manner, although the best crop of barley I saw before reaching the point I have above alluded to, was at Honcut, and was also a volunteer crop. Mayhew's ranch is also a fine tract of land, the residence of the owner being situated on Deer creek. This little river is, to use a very unpoetical phrase, "some pumpkins." It is about seventy feet wide, and rushes along at the rate of about six miles an hour, and over it we had to drive, the horses swimming and the coach floating. The warm weather had the effect of rendering it swollen, but in a few days its power will be gone. The Mayhew ranch is now celebrated in the annals of California as the place where the "anvil" was lifted up and borne several feet by the force of the wind, which some time since visited that locality. I had not time to dismount and examine the anvil, but my doubts were dispelled by being informed that the roof of a barn was blown off, and had not been found until the present time, although the county had been scoured for miles around in search of it. From the stories I heard at this point, the Mayhew ranch would be far more appropriate.

From this point, there is but little of interest until reaching the Sacramento river, and crossing over in a ferry boat, in whose passage across that beautiful stream, the one-man power was forcibly exemplified, and driven up to the door of the Tehama House, situated in Tehama, and kept by the well known Gabe Smith, who was formerly in the office of the California Stage Company at Sacramento; and when Jim Comstock threw down the reins, we were eighty-four miles from Marysville, eleven hours' time. Tehama I found to be a very pleasant place, delightfully situated on the banks of the Sacramento, and surrounded with splendid scenery. I was most cordially received at Tehama by Mr. Smith and his family, and my stay by his many acts of attention rendered very agreeable. Stiles of the Yreka, and his partner, Snyder, formerly of the Yreka, and Spirit of the Times, of San Francisco, together with Dr. O'Neil, formerly of Marysville, gave me a kind and cordial greeting, and also Harry Collins, of the Tehama House.

On Tuesday morning, at 6 o'clock, we started for Shasta, Lewis Burk taking the place of Comstock in driving. Above Tehama the face of the

country changes perceptibly, almost instantly. There is not that bright and cheerful look as that below. The country is very much broken, the road passing through a district of what might be called the foot hills. At Red Bluff, which is supposed to be the head of navigation, that is taking the authority of the Beacon for it, is twelve miles distant from Tehama. As we changed horses here, I took the opportunity to pay a flying visit to an old friend Mr. James, brother of H. P. James, Esq., of San Francisco. He is connected with the house of J. G. Doll & Co., at the Bluff. It was a matter of difficulty for me to leave, and I only did so under promise of remaining over one day on my return to the Bay. From this point nothing of interest occurred, except riding through the fine domain of Pearson B. Reading, who, with his accomplished family, is living at Cottonwood on the Sacramento. We arrived at Shasta at 2 o'clock P. M., in good order and well contented, thanks to Lew Burke, who, excepting his inordinate love of beans, is a first rate fellow.

On the night of my arrival at Shasta, there was experienced in this locality the severest gale from the northwest within the knowledge of the oldest inhabitant (James Long, Esq.). It blew with a ferocity perfectly fearful. Awnings were no where. Small frame buildings flew around like chips, signs were as light as wafters, and a general roar was the result. It was in reality a terrible night, and the good people of Shasta were much comforted, when daylight did appear, to find they were not in the predicament of that "root" of Mayhew's barn blown away and non est inventus. I found Shasta to be a very pleasant place, and not as large as I anticipated, but large enough to contain some of the most liberal hearted and courteous gentlemen I have ever met by my lot to meet; and to Mr. Brown of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s office, Mr. James Long, Mr. Samuel Hanson, R. F. Strickland, Esq., Samuel Johns, and Mr. Snyder, of the house of J. G. Doll & Co., an old and present member of Sansome Hook and Ladder Co. No. 3, of San Francisco, I am under special obligations for their politeness. Notwithstanding the quiet which marks Shasta at the present time, there is a large amount of business done here, the trade being confined to the great North, that country of which San Francisco knows so little. Extensive and mighty as it now is, its power at the present time is but as a drop in the ocean compared to what it will be as time rolls on.

I left Shasta on Saturday morning, at 10 minutes past 6 o'clock for this place. Had I been as timid and nervous as some people give me credit for, I never would have made the trip;—that is, in a stage coach;—for the reason it was the first made with passengers over the new mountain road through this place and Shasta. I was told it was frightful, dangerous, terrible; that the road ran along the edge of a mountain, so narrow that one side of the coach only was erect, and the other described an angle of forty-five degrees over the great abyss; that the trip could never be made, and the best plan for me to get across the mountains was to go upon the back of a mule; that two wagons couldn't pass each other, and that the pack train would play "caboodle" with the horses. I declined, however, and after many a tender shake of the hand, and the dropping of a few alligator tears, the coach started with seven passengers, and the renowned Jerry Robbins, brother of Dan, driving. From Shasta to what is called the Tower House, twelve miles, the road has been traveled for several years by stages, with passengers for Yreka, and I must confess it is a rocky one. From Tower, the old road commences branching off to the left of the old road, and goes over the Trinity Mountain, being seven miles to the summit. The road is constructed along the edge of the mountain, of a very easy grade, so gradual, in fact, that most of the distance a team could be trotted over it. On the mountain it is as level as a floor, and the descent, eight miles, is scarcely observable. It runs through creeks, gulches, canons, and dense forests of pine and oak.

Descending, I had, for the first time in my life, the delight of seeing a pure mountain stream in all its glory. Dashing, foaming, tumbling, boiling, and flowing over huge boulders, rocks, and pebbles. It followed us for many a mile, adding beauty and interest to the travel. At the foot of the mountain is situated the ranch of Mr. W. S. Loudon, in as pretty a valley as a man could desire. Mr. L. built the road of which I am now writing, and deserves great credit for his energy and enterprise. We dined at Mr. Loudon's, and at 20 minutes past 1 o'clock we left for Brown's mountain, crossing Trinity river on a finely made bridge, which cost in its construction \$12,000. Immediately after leaving the bridge, the ascent of the last mentioned mountain commences, four miles to the summit. The name of Brown's is given to it for the reason that a man of that name took a ranch there, but it is in reality Trinity Mountain. Although this road is tolerable narrow, and a little widening wouldn't injure it in the least, the grade is so gradual that there is scarcely any trouble in making it.

We reached the summit at a quarter before 3 o'clock, and slowly making the descent of three miles, and riding two miles over an excellent road at the foot of the mountain, reached this place at half past 3 o'clock, two hours and a half before we were expected. The road in my opinion is practicable for all descriptions of vehicles. It requires some improvements as a matter of course, as every new undertaking of the kind does, and which by the way will be made as time and opportunity permit. It is a finely made road, and much less dangerous than that to and from Abbe's Ferry, between Columbia and Vallecito, at the crossing of the Stanislaus.

In another letter I will give you some information respecting this thriving place.

A May Day Incident.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 2, 1888.

Editor Fireman's Journal.—I am a reader of your paper, and an observer of the proceedings of the Firemen of this city, and I take great delight in noticing any pleasant little incident connected with the Department. While a rolling in the neighborhood of Mission Dolores, on Sunday morning, I met a portion of Monumental Engine Co. No. 4, returning from a May-day excursion, with their hose carriage. The company stopped at the Center Garden, on Folsom street, where they remained for half an hour, purchasing flowers, evergreens, etc., wherever to adorn their carriage. The military department of the men, the satisfaction they seemed to feel at the pleasant time they had just spent among the green hills and flower gardens of the vicinity, commanded my attention; but crowning all was the appearance of the carriage, once enshined, as it was, in a forest of flowers and leaves. It was indeed a lovely sight, and displayed much taste in decoration. The excursion of the Monumentals, as I learned, proved exceedingly pleasant to the participants, and forms an example worthy of being imitated by other companies. It is certainly a more rational and health-giving amusement than is frequently indulged in, and partakes in no way of the questionable character of many of our modes adopted by firemen for their enjoyment.

Yours, respectfully,

AN EX-FIREMAN.

[The above was inserted at the particular desire of the writer, formerly a valuable member of the Department.—E.]

CEREBERT 10.—M. Harkins has been elected Secretary of Crescent Engine Company No

